

The Country Mans Paradise.

See *George* and *Nell* that Love full well
say kissing is no Vice,
The Country and making Hay
He calls a PARADICE.

To the Tune of *Philander*.



Now Sols bright shining beams
dyes up the Watery Flood,
Hay Harvest will draw near,
it is well understood.

Then I with Nell do know full well,
some youthful trick must play,
And lay her down upon the ground
as we are making Hay.

And when the Parching heat
doth force us to give o're,
We to the Shades retreat,
and there we'l o're and o're

Repeat the labours we have shewn
at several times at play,
Which to our selves were only known,
When we were making Hay.

When we are rested well,
we to our work again,
I keep close to my Nell,
my sight she'l not refrain:
When we to the Lands end do come
most prettily we play,
Her Waist I clip and kiss her Lip
as we are ma'ing Hay.



As at the Evening tide,
our days-work we do cock,
If we are not espied,
then I take up her smock :
And what doth after follow then
I am ashamed to say,
But thus we do I tell to you
as we do make the Hay.

If she doth prove with Child,
as she perhaps may do,
She cries she's then beguiled,
perswades me to be true :
Unknown to any of our Friends
we married are straightway,
And none doth know that it was so
when we were making Hay.

And thus we carry on
our Country jests and sport,
No dread we think upon,
we value not report ;
Report hath long a Liar been,
I have heard many say,
And now I long till we begin
again to make the Hay,

Our Life more pleasure yields,
and brings to us such sport,
More pleasure in the Fields
than in a Princes Court ;

For all the day long from morn to night,
we merrily do play,
And thus our hearts we do delight,
as we are making Hay.

Before the Sun doth rise,
we Musick have at will,
The pretty Lark up sings
our pleasures to fulfill ;
We with our Bag and Bottle too
do feast us every day,
We hear no strife ; this pleasant Life
we have in-making Hay.

Who then doth not delight
to lead a Country life,
Our pains it doth requite,
each man enjoys his wife.
Wea, hand in hand to labouring work
they go both night and day,
And sometimes they together play,
besides their making Hay.

No Citizen I say
can be from care more free,
Although they go more gay,
and finer dress than we,
Such pleasures they but seldom meet,
as we have every day,
That walk the Meadows brave and sweet,
and help to make the Hay.